

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes[®]

Western

APRIL

10¢

NO. 17



YAHOO! ACTION! THRILLS!

WITH THE WEST'S
MOST BELOVED COWBOY!

WHIPPER SNAPPERS

I SUPPOSE, MY POOR MAN, IT WAS **POVERTY** THAT BROUGHT YOU TO THIS.

ON THE CONTRARY, I WAS **COINING MONEY!** THE POLICE CAUGHT ME MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

"CROOKED CAPERS"

WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?

THE JUDGE SENT ME HERE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE AND I DON'T CALL BREAKING ROCKS A REST!



LET'S FIGURE OUT HOW MUCH MONEY WE MADE ON THIS ROBBERY.

AW, I'M TOO TIRED. LET'S WAIT AND LOOK IN THE MORNING PAPERS!



YOU ADMIT BREAKING INTO THE SAME DRESS SHOP FOUR TIMES! WHAT DID YOU STEAL?

A DRESS FOR MY WIFE, BUT SHE MADE ME CHANGE IT THREE TIMES!



STICK YOUR HANDS UP...THIS IS A HOLDUP!

WAIT! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?

I'M YOUR **BENEFACTOR**. I'M THE **LAWYER** WHO ONCE SAVED YOU FROM A LIFE SENTENCE BY PROVING YOU WERE **CRAZY!**

SURE, I REMEMBER YOU NOW--

--AND ISN'T HOLDING UP YOUR **BENEFACTOR** A **CRAZY THING** TO DO?





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
C. V. WOODS

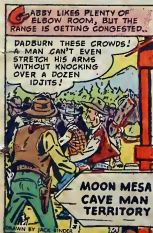
Art Editor
AL JETTER

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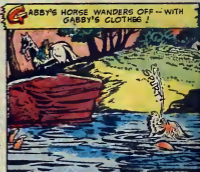
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LE RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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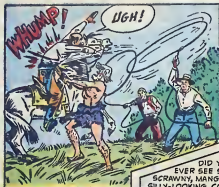
W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



GABBY HAYES WESTERN, April, 1950, Vol. 3, No. 17, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Aug. 31, 1948 at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1950 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc. to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. possessions and Canada Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Printed in U. S. A.







FOR ONCE, GABBY CAN'T TALK HIMSELF OUT OF TROUBLE! HE IS HAULED TO THE TOWN OF MAVERICK, WHERE CROWDS SWARM TO SEE HIM.....

THAT VARMINT'S SOCK DISLOCATED MY JAW! NOW I CAN'T TELL 'EM I'M NOT A CAVE MAN!

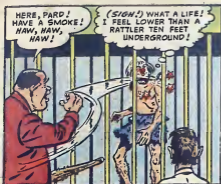
HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! SEE THE FEROCIOUS CAVE-MAN! IT'S ONLY A DOLLAR! YUH'LL NEVER FORGET HIS UGLY FACE! HALF-HUMAN, HALF-APE!



HUH! AT LEAST THIS PROVES THE HUMAN RACE HAS ADVANCED SOMEWHAT!

NOW I KNOW WHAT THE PORE CRITTERS IN ZOOS GO THROUGH!





HERE, PARD!
HAVE A SMOKE!
HAW, HAW,
HAW!

(SIGH!) WHAT A LIFE!
I FEEL LOWER THAN A
RATTLESNAKE TEN FEET
UNDERGROUND!



HERE'S
YORE GRUB,
STOOPID!

UGH!

THEM VITTLES SHORE
LOOK DISGUSTING,
ANGUS! I WOULDN'T
FEED THAT STUFF
TO A BUZZARD!



WHY WASTE
MONEY ON THE
CRITTER? HE
DON'T APPRECIATE
REAL VITTLES!

BLAST
YORE
MEAN
ORNERY
HIDE! I
WOULDN'T
TREAT AN
OUTLAW
COYOTE
LIKE
THIS!



EVEN SCIENTISTS COME TO
ADD TO GABBY'S MISERY!

PERHAPS HE HAS
SOME PRIMITIVE
LANGUAGE OF
HIS OWN,
PROFESSOR!

SAY
SOMETHING,
OLD CHAP!

MMMPH...
UGH!



NO, I'M AFRAID
HIS INTELLIGENCE
IS LIMITED!
HE'S OBVIOUSLY
QUITE
STUPID!

DADBLAST IT!
IF MY JAW
WAS IN SHAPE
I'D TALK YORE
EARS OFF!



I CAN'T STAND THIS
MUCH LONGER! I'M
LOSING WEIGHT, AND MY
NERVES ARE DANCING
A JIG! I GOTTA ESCAPE
AFORE IT'S TOO
LATE!



DESPERATE, GABBY WAITS TILL
HIS NEXT FEEDING TIME.....

HERE'S
YORE GRUB,
HOMELY!



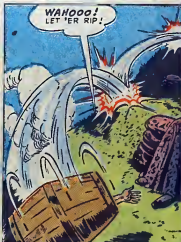
EAT IT YORESELF!
I CAN'T THINK OF A
WORSE PUNISHMENT,
YUH PENNY-PINCHING
SIDEWINDER!







GABBY HAYES WESTERN



THE BARREL PICKS UP SPEED, AND WHIZZES DOWN THE STEEP MESA SLOPE LIKE A METEOR!







?!?!? QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT; 4 CORRECT,
GOOD; 3 CORRECT, FAIR;
2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. RHODE ISLAND WAS THE 13TH STATE TO RATIFY THE CONSTITUTION.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

2. DR. JAMES NAISMITH INVENTED BASKETBALL.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

3. GREEN IS ALWAYS THE TOP COLOR IN A SINGLE RAINBOW.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

4. NATHAN HALE WAS BORN ON JUNE 6, 1755.

1. TRUE ---- FALSE ----

5. CONGRESS ADOPTED THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1779.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

ANSWERS

1. TRUE. IN 1790.
2. TRUE.
3. FALSE. RED IS.
4. TRUE.
5. FALSE. IN 1777.

YOUNG FALCON and THE SWINDLERS!

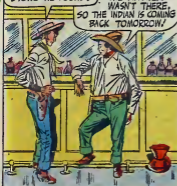


YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS AND ONLY SON OF THE CHIEF OF THE MASSACRED TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, HAS MADE HIS NAME KNOWN FAR AND WIDE. AS A FRIEND OF THE NEEDY, A FOE OF THE EVIL, WHEN TWO VARMINTS TRY TO PREVENT HIM FROM DOING A GOOD DEED FOR A PERSON IN NEED, THEY FIND THEY'VE STARTED MORE THAN THEY CAN HANDLE!

ONE NIGHT, IN THE TOWN OF LODGESTONE--

HANK, DID YUH HEAR ABOUT THET INDIAN WHO CAME TO THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE TODAY TO SELL A BIG TURQUOISE STONE HE FOUND?

YEP! I HEAR THET TURQUOISE STONE WAS AS BIG AS AN APPLE AND WORTH PLENTY OF MONEY! THE ASSAYER WASN'T THERE, SO THE INDIAN IS COMING BACK TOMORROW!



THE INDIAN, WITH HIS STONE, IS CAMPING JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN. WE COULD SELL THET STONE OURSELVES IF WE HAD IT, FRED!



JEST WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING!

LET'S GO GET IT, THEN!



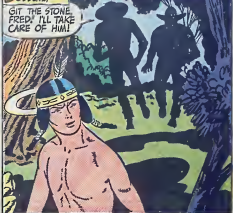
MEANWHILE, CAMPED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, WE FIND **YOUNG FALCON!**

WITH THE MONEY THE ASSAYER WILL GIVE ME FOR THIS STONE, I CAN BUY LOTS OF FOOD FOR WHITE HORSE'S SQUAW! SINCE HE HAS BEEN SICK AND UNABLE TO HUNT, SHE AND THE LITTLE ONES HAVE BEEN HUNGRY OFTEN!



SUDDENLY---

GIT THE STONE, FRED! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



UHF!

I TRAVELED A LONG WAY TO SELL MY STONE AND I DO NOT INTEND TO LOSE IT TO THIEVES!



OWOOO!



LET'S GIT! HE'S WORSE THAN A CORNERED PUMA!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YUH!

ALONE, YOUNG FALCON STILL POSSESSES HIS PRECIOUS TURQUOISE, AND...

IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE THE FACES OF THOSE TWO BANDITS! THAT IS LUCKY FOR THEM OR I WOULD FINISH THIS BATTLE IF WE MET AGAIN! BUT THAT IS UNLIKELY! TOMORROW I SELL YOU, BEAUTIFUL STONE, AND RETURN TO THE WOODS!



BUT NOT FAR OFF ---

WHEN! WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

WE'LL WAIT UNTIL MORNING! I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE.



THERE YUH ARE, FIVE- SIXTY!



UNAWARE THAT HIS ATTACKERS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE HAVE DEALT WITH HIM, YOUNG FALCON HURRIES TO THE GENERAL STORE, WHERE...



WELL, IT'S STILL FAKE MONEY! GO ON BACK TO HIM!

I'LL FIND QUICKLY WHAT MANNER OF CHEATING THIS IS. THEN I WILL RETURN.



RAGE IN HIS HEART, YOUNG FALCON RETURNS TO THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE ---



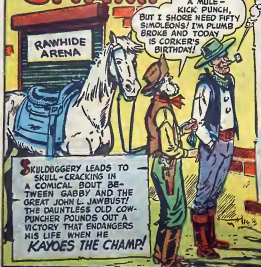
I--- I'M THE ASSAYER! TWO VARMINTS SLUGGED ME AS I WAS OPENING UP THIS MORNING! THEY TIED ME UP IN HERE!



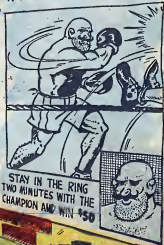


GABBY HAYES

Kayoes the CHAMP

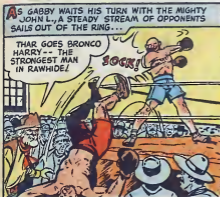


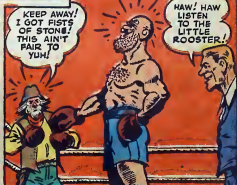
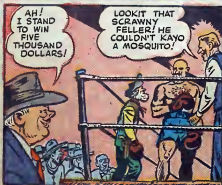
JOHN L. JAWBUST
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!!
A CHALLENGE TO ONE AND ALL:

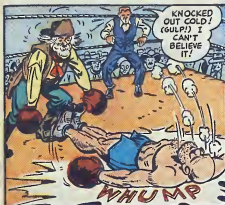


GOOD OLE CORKER!
IF HE DON'T GET A REAL
NICE BIRTHDAY PRESENT,
HIS FEELINGS WILL BE
HURT BAD!

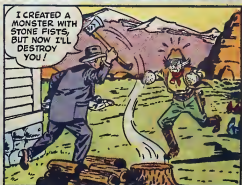


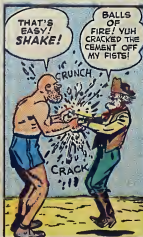
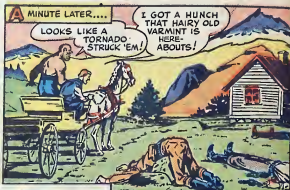












MOUNTAIN BLINDNESS

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



THE winter range was a hard and lonely one. Living high in the snow-covered mountains, a cowhand was apt to grow lonely and moody. His only companions were his horse and dog, and the only sounds he heard were the howling of the blizzards and the far-off cry of the prowling timber wolf. Through the long months that preceded the spring thaw, he had little to do but make sure that his grazing herds did not stray too far from their home range, and that they managed to find sun-melted slopes that would give them enough fodder to live on.

Small wonder then that many cowhands refused to work on the winter range—that they preferred to head South rather than go up into the mountains.

But Buck Desmond did not share this common dislike with his fellow waddies.

Always a light-footed Rambler, Buck did not mind the long months of solitude. It gave him a chance to be by himself, to live as he pleased.

So it was that the roaming cowhand took a joy for the Flying Y one year, riding herd on their winter range in the Comstock Mountains.

The snows came frequently that winter, and soon the mountains were covered with a deep white blanket of snow. As the months dragged by, no human came into the hills. At last, even Buck found himself lonely.

And then, one morning, as he saddled his bay horse, preparatory to setting out to take a look at the grazing herds, Buck saw a tiny dot, far below him on the Comstock slopes—a man on horseback.

He waited as the lone rider came slowly up the slope. When he was finally within earshot, Buck cupped his hands and shouted, "Howdy, stranger. Glad to see you!"

The man rode toward him and, reaching the shack, dismounted. He held out his hand to Buck.

"Howdy, there! You're Buck Desmond, aren't you? I was told you'd be riding the range up here."

Buck nodded. "That's my handle," he replied. "But how come you're riding up here? And what can I do for you?"

The stranger grinned. From under his sheep-lined jacket he produced a silver badge. "U. S. Marshal, Tom Gorton," he explained. "I've been with a posse, chasing the Mackay Boys, the bank-robbing gang. They've been heading up this way, and we figure they're going to try to cut across the range through Comstock Pass. So I rode up here to see whether we could cut them off."

"The Mackay Gang! They're a mean bunch," Buck said. "I'd be glad to help you try to stop them. I'm pretty sure they haven't hit the pass yet!"

"**G**OOD!" exclaimed Marshal Gorton. "Let's head up there and wait right at the entrance for them. The posse will be following behind—so if we can hold them up for a while, we'll have them surrounded!"

Buck Desmond shook his head.

"I'm with you," he said, "except for one thing. I don't want to wait at the entrance to Comstock Pass. I'd rather wait a ways inside it. And, fore we get started, I want to get something inside the shack."

"As you say," the Marshal nodded. "But let's get a move on, Buck! Those galoots are moving fast."

Buck hurried into the shack and knelt for a moment before the fireplace, putting something into an open neckerchief. Then he tied the bandanna up, put it into his pocket, and ran out.

Together, he and Tom Gorton rode over the slope toward the Comstock Pass. This was a narrow trail, cut through a declivity in the

mountains—and the only way to reach the other side. At the entrance, there were some trees and boulders, standing out in black, bold relief against the white snow.

But, as the two riders penetrated deeper into the pass, soon there was nothing but white, gleaming snow all about them. Its glare was everywhere; the brilliant sun was reflected by every tiny crystal, until the eye was filled with its shimmering light.

FINALLY, Buck reined his horse in, at a narrow spot in the trail. "This looks good," he said. "Let's leave the horses back along the pass, and then wait here."

Soon the two men were crouched in the snow. As the sun climbed higher in the heavens it shone even more blindingly on the white snow that lay all about them.

Buck Desmond reached in his pocket. He brought out the wrapped bandanna, and unfolded it. In it lay a mound of black soot, gathered from his fireplace. "Here," Buck said, "smear this over your face." Showing the Marshal how, he rubbed the greasy black soot over his cheeks and across the bridge of his nose.

As the other man followed his example, Buck suddenly pointed off down the pass.

"Better hurry! Here they come."

The two men could see the oncoming riders, growing bigger in the pass. Hulking and grizzled they were—five of them, each one a man wanted in several states! Newt Mackay was the leader and the meanest gunslick of all.

"Let's let them know," the Marshal grunted.

He squeezed the trigger of his saddle holster carbine, and the sharp bark echoed through the mountains.

Cursing angrily at the ambush, the outlaws flung themselves from their horses, and flattened themselves against the sides of the pass. Unlimbering their guns, they began to fire at Buck and Marshal Gorton. But the cowboy and the lawman were well-sheltered, and the angry bullets whined harmlessly past their heads.

For perhaps half an hour they lay there, firing intermittently at the outlaws. Then Marshal Gorton tensed.

"They're coming up on us slowly. They're going to try to rush us. Reckon this'll be it!"

Buck Desmond nodded, his eyes oddly smiling above the black soot that was smeared across his ridged cheekbones. "Let 'em come," he said. "I've got a hunch they won't be too lucky!"

Then, all at once, a scant forty yards away, the outlaws rushed around a bend in the pass toward them. Shouting furiously, their revolvers spitting lead slugs, they rushed toward Buck and the Marshal.

Springing to his feet, unheeding the bullets that screamed wildly around him, Buck fired rapidly. Each time, he shot the gun out of the hand of one of the outlaws. Swift upon the last bullet, his command came— "All right! Raise 'em! Fast! You don't stand a chance!"

And, strangely, the outlaws raised their hands in surrender. As the Marshal hurried up to them, to gather their guns, he saw with amazement that their eyes were blank and staring, that they hardly saw him passing in front of them.

"Wh-what is it, Buck?" he asked. "They can't see! What happened to them?"

BUCK DESMOND grinned. "The same thing that would have happened to us, if I hadn't smeared that soot on our faces," he replied. "Snow-blindness. That's why I didn't want to fight them at the entrance to the pass, but here, where there was snow everywhere you looked. All the time they were lying there, shooting at us, I knew it was gradually making them lose their sight.

"And then they rushed us. When I saw how they were missing us with their bullets, I figured it was a good idea to shoot the guns out of their hands and end it, which I did. Marshal, there's your outlaw gang—without the help of a posse, but *with* the help of Mother Nature!"

THE END

Hit the adventure trail with fast-shooting
BUCK DESMOND in every issue of **GABBY
HAYES WESTERN!**

GABBY HAYES

in THE Big Game HUNT

HERE COMES OTIS Q. COLESLAW, THE WORLD-FAMOUS HUNTER, WITH HIS COMPANY OF GUNBEARERS AND ADMIRING REPORTERS! ALL GABBY HAS IS HIS TRUSTY OLD HOSS PISTOL, BUT HE'LL MATCH WITS AND BULLETS WITH OTIS IN A THRILLING *BIG GAME HUNT*!

WHAT KIND OF FOOL CRITTER IS THAT?

GREETINGS TO THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST! I, OTIS Q. COLESLAW, HAVE COME TO CONQUER YOU!



TAKE SOME PICTURES, BOYS! MY PUBLIC IS EAGER FOR EVERY DETAIL OF THIS EXPEDITION!

OUT OF THE WAY! THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUNTER IS ABOUT TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN!

THE GREATEST HUNTER?! WHY, SHUCKS, HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME!



FIRE AWAY, GENTS!

WHAT GALL! HOW DARE YOU!





UNAWARE OF GABBY'S YOW, COLESLAW AND COMPANY TREK INTO THE WILDERNESS AFTER THE MIGHTY BULL MOOSE...

WHAAAAAAAAAH!

HARK, GUYS!
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE
CALL OF A
BULL MOOSE!

QUICK! FOLLOW THE
SOUND! IT MAY BE
BIG BILL!

WHA
AAA!

HE'S
LEADING
US INTO
A BLIND
CANYON.

I WISH THE BEAST
WOULD STOP THAT
INFERNAL RACKET
AND STAND STILL! I'D
LIKE A SHOT AT HIM!

WHAAAAA

THE CALLING BULL MOOSE
IS GABBY HIMSELF!

HEH HEH! THE IDJITS
FOLLERED ME RIGHT INTO
THIS CANYON. NOW LET
'EM SNOOP AROUND! BIG
BILL NEVER COMES HERE!

WHAAAAA

LOOK,
MR. COLESLAW!
THE BUSHES
ARE MOVING!

WHAAAAAAA!

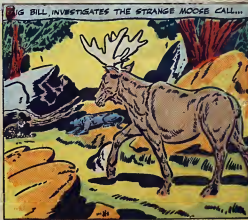
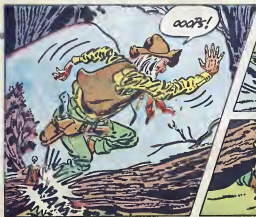
AHA!

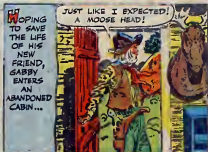
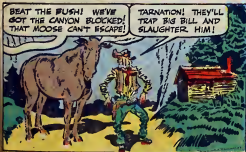
KEEP THE GUNS
COMING, MEN!
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!

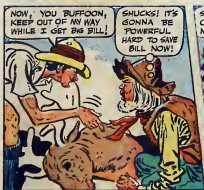
BANG! BANG!

GIVE ME THAT
ELEPHANT GUN!
I'LL MAKE SURE
HE DOESN'T
GET AWAY!

YOW! THAT GUN-
CRAZY VARMINT
WILL HANG MY
HEAD OVER HIS
FIREPLACE IF I
DON'T VAMOOSE,
PRONTO!







AS THE FAMOUS HUNTER SLEEPS WHILE HIS MEN TRY TO CORNER BIG BILL, GABBY GOES TO WORK...

ZZZZ...
ZZZZ...

THE LESS POWDER,
THE LESS POWER!
I'LL JUST LEAVE A
LEETLE MITE OF
POWDER IN EACH
CARTRIDGE!

NOW TO LOAD HIS
SHOOTING IRONS WITH
THESE WEAK BULLETS!

SOON...

WE GOT BIG
BILL CORNERED!

GREAT! I
KNEW I COULD
TRACK HIM
DOWN!

I CHALLENGE YUH! IF YUH
DONT DROP BIG BILL I
WANT A CRACK AT HIM!

ABSURD, MY
POOR FELLOW!
I NEVER MISS!

ASTONISHING! MUST
BE THE ALTITUDE!

BANG!

PLP!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!

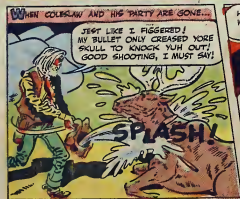
HEY!
NOW IT'S
MY TURN!

HAW! HAW!
THE DOPE
THINKS WE
CAN DROP
A MOOSE
WITH A
REVOLVER!

FANTASTIC! IF HE
EVEN COMES CLOSE
TO HITTING THE
MOOSE I'LL
CARRY ALL MY
EQUIPMENT BACK
TO RAWHIDE!

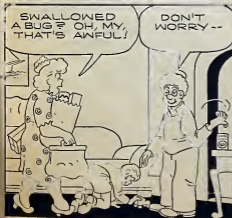
HUH! EVEN THE
WORLD'S BEST
HUNTER WOULDN'T
TRY SUCH A
SHOT!


I'M PLUMB
NERVOUS! TO
SAVE BIG BILL,
I GOTTA MAKE
THE BEST BLAMED
SHOT OF MY
LIFE!





HE'S BUGS!



A man with a long white beard and a wide-brimmed straw hat is sitting on a green, textured bench. He is wearing a red long-sleeved shirt under a dark vest and yellow and brown striped trousers. He has a pained expression on his face, with his mouth open as if shouting or crying out. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing text. The background is a bright, overcast sky with some green foliage visible on the right.

OUCH!
THIS UNDERSHIRT
ITCHES LIKE A
PORCUPINE HIDE
TURNED INSIDE
OUT!